

A N
ALLUSION to HORACE,
BOOK I. ODE XXII.

(a) **T**HE Man that loves his King and Nation,
 And shuns each vile Association,
 That trusts his honest Deeds i'th' Light,
 Nor meets in dark Cabals, by Night,
 With Fools, who, after much Debate,
 Get themselves hang'd, and save the State,
 Needs not his Hall with Weapons store;
 Nor dreads each Rapping at his Door;
 Nor sculks, in fear of being known,
 Or hides his Guilt in Parson's Gown;
 Nor wants, to guard his gen'rrous Heart,
 The Poniard or the poison'd Dart;
 And, but for Ornament and Pride,
 A Sword of Lath might cross his Side.

(b) If o'er St. James's Park he stray,
 He stops not, pausing in his Way;
 Nor pulls his Hat down o'er his Face,
 Nor starts, looks back, and mends his Pace.
 Or if he ramble to the Tower,
 He knows no Crime, and dreads no Power,
 But thence returning, free as Wind,
 Smiles at the Barrs he left behind.

Thus,

(a) Integer vita, scelerisque purus
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
 Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
 Fuisse, pharetrâ;

(b) Sive per Syrtes iter astuofas,
 Sive facturas per inhospitalem
 Caucasum, vel qua loca fabulosas
 Lambit Hydaspes.



Thus, as I loiter'd t' other Day,
Humming —— O every Month was May —

And, thoughtless how my Time I squander'd,
From Whitehall thro' the Cockpit wander'd,
A Messenger, with surly Eye,
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.

(d) No sharper Look or rougher Mien
In Scotch Highlands e'er were seen;
Nor Ale and Brandy ever bred
More pimpled Cheeks, or Nose more red;
And yet, with both Hands in my Breast,
Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the Beast.

(e) Place me among a hundred Spies,
Let all the Room be Ears and Eyes;
Or search my Pocket-Books and Papers,
No Word or Line shall give me Vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty
As ever pity'd poor M——ty;
Let T——d, S——d be there,
Or R——n W——e in the Chair.
Or send me to a Club of Tories,
That damn and Curse at Marlbro's Glories,
And drink—— but sure none such there are! —
The Dev'l, the Pope, and Rebel M——r;
Yet still my Loyalty I'll boast,
King GEORGE shall ever be my Toast;
Unbrib'd his glorious Cause I'll own,
And fearless scorn each Traytor's Frown.

(c) Namque me sylvā lupus in Sabinā,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminus curis vagor expeditus.
Fugit inmerem.

(d) Quale potentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit aesculetis:
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

(e) Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor sylvā recreatur aurā:
Quod laus mundi nebulæ, malisque
Jupiter urget:
Pone sub curru nimium propinquai
Solis, in terrā domibus negatā:
Dulcē ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcē loquentem.

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